THE NGTED DIVINE'S SUNDAY

Sabject "All Heaven Looking On."

DISCOURSE.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's opening sermon in Washington was: "All Heaven Looking On." the text selected being the famous passage from Hebrews xii., 1: "Seeing we also are compassed about with so

great a cloud of witnesses. In this my opening sermon in the National Capital I give you heartiest Christian salutation. I bethink myself of the privilege of standing in this historic church, so long presided over by one of the most remarkable men of the century. There are plenty of good ministers beside Dr. Sunderland, but I do not know of any man except himself with nough brain to have stood successfully and triumphantly forty-three years in this con-spicuous pulpit. Long distant be the year when that gospel chieftain shall put down the silver trumpet with which he has marshaled the hosts of Israel or sheathe the sword with which he has struck such mighty blows for God and righteousness. I come to you with the same spel that he has preached and to join you in all kinds of work for making the world hetter, and I hope to see you all in your own omes and have you all come and see me, but don't all come at once. And without any preliminary discourses as to what I propose to do I begin here and now to cheer you with the thought that all heaven is sympathetically looking on. "Seeing we also are com-passed about with so great a cloud of wit-

Crossing the Alos by the Mont Cenis pass, or through the Mont Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins in the world-the amphitheater. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise tier above tier until you count forty elevations or galleries-as I shall see fit to call them-in which sat the senators, the kings and the 25,000 excited spectators. At the sides of the arena and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food until, frenzied with hunger and thirst, they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had

"fought with beasts at Ephesus." The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle. Silence! The time for the itest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword, with firm grip, into his right hand. The 25,000 sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena ak open. Out plunges the half starved roar that brings all the galleries to their leet he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a men will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slinks back toward the side of the arena. Then, rallying his wasting strength, he comes up with flercer eye and more terrible roar than ever. only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke after stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the 25,000 people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city trem-

Sometimes the audience came to see race, sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the people, compassionate for ae fallen, turned their thumbs up as an apreal that the vanquished be spared, and metimes the combat was with wild beasts. To an amphitheatrical audience Paul refers when he says, "We are compassed about

with so great a cloud of witness The fact is, that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again, but in the strength of God you have arisen to drive it back. I verily be-lieve you will conquer. I think that the temptatian is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be victor, through Christ. Courage, brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years, but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle or empty wine flask. Nay, that is not the weapon! With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen-reach up and get it from God's armory. The sword of the pirit. With that thou mayest drive him

But why specify when every man and woman has a lion to fight? If there be one here who has no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have fought the lion, it is because you have the contest goes on. The Trajan celebration, where 10,000 gladiators fought and 11,000 wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungle; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the center of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaze, Joseph, Gideon and Barak and then says, "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." Before I get through I will show you that

you fight in an arena around which circle, in galleries above each other, all the kindling eyes and all the sympathetic hearts of the ages, and at every victory gained there comes down the thundering applause of a great multitude no man can number. "Being compassed about with so great a cloud of

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheater, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So in the great arena of spectators that watch our struggles, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, one On His head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold blooded conquests, but our Kin; hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat, but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nav. unheard of connsions! I see Him come down from the allery into the arena to help us in the fight, outing, until all up and down His voice is "Fear not! I will help the trengthen thee by the right hand of My

They gave to the men in the arena, in the en time, food to thicken their blood, so that it would flow slowly, and that for a longer time the people might gloat over the seene. But our King has no pleasure in out is, for we are bone of His bone, flesh of His flesh, blood of His blood

In all the anguish of our heart, The Man of Sorrows bore a part. Once, in the ancient amphitheater, a lion With one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with the other paw caught his shield.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the galslew the beast. The king, sitting in the gal-lery, said: "That was not fair. The lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame, shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in

the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us, Blessed are all they who put their trust in I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are the angel that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that

Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I look away, for the splen-dor is insufferable. Here are the guardlan angels. That one watched a natriarch; this one protected a child; that one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All those are agers of light. Those drove the Spanish armada on the rocks. This turned Sennacharib's living hosts into a heap of 185,900 corpses. Those yonder chanted the Christmas carol over Betblehem until the chant awoke the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven and serenaded the newborn world wrapped in swaddling clothes of light. And there, holier and mighter than all, is Michael, the archangel. To command an earthly host gives dignity, but this one is leader of the 20,000 charlots of God and of the ten thousand times ten thousand angels. I think God gives command to the archangel, and the archangel to the seraphim, and the seraphim to the cherubim, until all the lower orders of heaven hear the com-

mand and go forth on the high behest. Now bring on your lions! Who can fear? All the spectators in the angelic gallery are our friends. "He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Though shalt tread upon the lion and adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample underfoot.'

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall, with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God and lean on their fallen carcasses! Oh, bending throng of bright, angelic faces and swift wings and lightning foot. I hail you to-day from the dust and struggle of the arens! I look again, and I see the gallery of the

prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up youder? Hosea and Jeremiah and Daniel and Isaiah and Paul and Peter and John and James. There sits Noah, waiting for all the world to come into the ark, and Moses, waiting till the last Red Sea shall divide, and Jeremiah, waiting for the Jews to return, and John of the Apocalypse, waiting for the swearing of the angel that time shall be no longer. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned: ye were spit upon! They have been in the fight themselves, and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fali back!" "Huzza! Huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace. Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims, "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" throng of prophets and apostles cannot keep They make the welkin ring with shouting and halleluiahs.

I look again and I see the gallery of the nartyrs. Who is that? Hugh Latimer, sure

enough! He would not apologize for the

truth preached, and so, he died, the night before swinging from the bednost in perfect glee at the thought of emancipation. Who are that army of 6666? They are the Theban legion who died for the faith. Here is a larger host in magnificent array-884,-000-who perished for Christ in the perse cution of Diocletian. Yonder is a family group-Felicitas, of Rome, and her children. While they were dying for the faith she stood encouraging them. One son was whipped to death by thorns, another was flung from a rock, another was behended. At last the mother became a martyr. There they are, together-a family group in heav-Yonder is John Bradford, who said in the fire, "We shall have a merry supper with the Lord to-night." Yonder is Henry Voes, who exclaimed as he died. "If I had ten heads they should all fall off for Christ." The great throng of the martyrs! They had hot lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart. They had their tongues pulled out by redhot pinchers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! If all the martyrs' stakes that have been kindled could be set at proper distances, they would make the midnight all the world over bright as noonday! And now they sit yonder in the martyrs' gallery. For them the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage, down there in the What, are they all looking? This night

we answer back the salutation they give and ery, "Hall, sons and daughters of the fire!"
I look again, and I see another gallery, that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangely is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic who looked beyond the superstitions of his church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes and around him the presbytery which tried him for heterodoxy Yonder is Lyman Beecher and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there are John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought they would sit so lovingly together? There are George Whitefield and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers-Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts and Hrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there the band of missionaries-David Abeel, talking of China redeemed, and John Scudder of India saven, and David Brainerd of the aborigines evangelized, and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burma took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs. Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatigued? They fainted with none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us faiter in the presence of the lions I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a ittle changed:

Must you be carried to the skies On flowery beds of ease, While others fought to win the prize, Or sailed through bloody seas? Toplady shouts in his old hymn: Your harps, ye trembling saints,

Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid every string awake. While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favorite words, a little varieds

A charge to keep you have, A God to glorify, A never dying soul to save, And fit it for the sky! I look again, and I see the gallery of our eparted. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of, but these we knew.

our tables, and we walked to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road of life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children, do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eter-nity? Nay: I see that child running his hand over your brow and saying: "Ya-ther, do not fret." "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They mber the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven. Nay; I see them rise up and lean over and wave before us their recognition and encouragement. That gallery is not full. They are keeping places for us. After we have slain the lion they expect the King to call us, saying, "Come up higher!" Between the hot struggles in the areas I wipe the sweat from my brow and stand on tiptoe, reaching up my right hand to clasp theirs in rapturous handshaking, while their voices some ringing down from the gallery, crying, "Be thou faithful unto death, and you shall

have a crown!" But here I pause, overwhelmed with the majesty and the joy of the scene! Gallery of the King! Gallery of angels! Gallery of prophets and apostles! Gallery of martyrs! Gallery of saints! Gallery of friends and kindred! Oh, majestic circles of light and love! Throngs! Throngs! Throngs! How shall we stand the gaze of the universe! Myriads of eyes beaming on us! Myriads of hearts beating in sympathy for us! How shall we ever dare to sin again? How shall we ever become discouraged again? How shall we ever feel lonely again? With God for us, and angels for us, and prophets and apostles for us, and the great souls of the ages for us, and our glorifled kindred for us, shall we give up the fight and die? No, Son of God, who didst die to save us! No, ye angels, whose wings are spread forth to shelter us. No. ye prophetsand apostles, whose warnings startle us. No, ye loved ones, whose arms are out-stretched to receive us. No, we will never

Sure I must fight if I would reign-Be faithful to my Lord. And bear the cross, endure the pain, Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious wa: Shall conquer though they die. They see the triumph from afar. And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise. And all Thine armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine.

My hearers, shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ we may come off more than conquerors. A soldier, dying in the hospital, rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow and asked him why he shouted, "Here!"
"Oh! I heard the roll call of heaven, and

I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster roll of the pardoned and glorifled, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls we shall cry: "Here! Here!"

ARMENIANS SLAUGHTERED.

Turks Shoot Them Down as They Flee From Burning Homes.

Another terrible massacre of Armenians, accompanied by assaults upon women, is reported to have occurred in the Baiburt district between Erzeroum and Trebizond.

According to the news received at Constantinople, a mob of about 500 Mussulmans and Lazes, the great majority of whom were armed with Martini-Henry rifles, made an attack upon the Armenians inhabiting several her people; Leonora, Polish, victorivillages of that vicinity and set fire to their homes and schools.

As the Armenians fled in terror from their dwellings, they were shot down as they ran and a number of men and women who were captured by the rioters, it is added, were fastened to stakes and burned alive. The Armenian women who fell into the hands of the mob, it is also asserted, were assaulted and brutally mutilated. It is also stated that the churches were desecrated and the villages pillaged, the cattle and all the portable property of any value belonging to the Armenians being earried off by the marauders.

CULBERSON IS INDIDNANT.

Tells the Sheriff He Should Prosecute

the Lynchers of the Negro at Tyler. Governor Culberson was very indignant over the news from Tyler of the burning of the negro there last Teusday. He received a telegram Wednesday night from the sheriff giving meagre details of the affair and the governor sent a caustic reply, saying:

"It was your duty to protect this prisoner at any cost. Why did you not do so? Having failed in this affair in so violating all law and so subversive of civil order, nothing should now deter you from the prompt performance of the duty to promptly prosecute all persons engaged in this homicide and report them to the grand jury. In this you should not hesitate or falter and if any aid is needed from me in the discharge of this duty it will be furnished to the limit of my authority. The crime of the prisoner, if guilty, is the most revolting known to ue, but the law provides adequate punishment and a safe and orderly method of determining guilt."

OLD TEMPLE FARM SOLD.

It is the Place Where Cornwallis Surrendered in 1781.

The farm known as the old Temple farm, on the York river, at Yorktown, Va., has just been sold to a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio. Next to Jamestown, Va., the Temple farm is the most historical, and in many ways the most celebrated, of any farm in the United States. It is the farm on which Lord Cornwallis surrendered to the combined armies of Washington and LaFayette, October 19, 1781. A portion of the buildings then standing still remain. The farm contained about 500 acres and sold for \$45,000. The present owner proposes to make his permanent residence there.

Bank Failure in Texas. The First National bank, of La-Grange, Tex., capital \$50,000, failed Wednesday. The assets are stated at \$134,000 and the liabilities at \$70,000. Comptroller Echels has directed Bank Examiner Gannon to take charge of Oh. how familiar their faces! They sat at the failed bank.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ODDS AND ENDS.

Spots of white as large as a halfdollar appear on some of the new veils. The novel Florentine jewelry, now o popular, shows the daintiest sort of coloring and workmanship.

The newest things in ash trays shows daintily painted half-burned cigar and a red-tipped match on a China

The silver filagre photograph frames, so much the rage recently, have been superseded by the richest one of gold in heavy open work patterns.

Square Japanese fans made of silk or paper with pearl or bamboo sticks are new, odd and very pretty. They are surprisingly nice to carry, fanning much more air than the ordinary

The British crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, pearls, sapphires and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands. It weighs 39 ounces and 5 pennyweights, troy. In it there are 3,452 diamonds, 273 pearls, 9 rubies, 17 sapphires and 11 emeralds.

The little queen of the Netherlands entered upon her 16th year a few days ago, and in honor of the occasion, but to the regret of her subjects, introduced a momentous change-she began to wear her hair in the fashion of young women.

One Australian species of the female quail is almost twice the size of the male of the same species, and among larger birds the male of the common cassowary, on account of its smaller size and duller plumage, might be regarded by a casual observer as the female.

Significance of Christian Names.

Some significance should be attached to one's name, and a badly-named child is very apt to be influenced as much by its signification as by the stars under which it is born, says the seer. And so are here a few of our favorite names and their origin and its action and truly beneficial in its meaning: Anna, from the Hebrew, meaning a prophetess; Annette, from the French, sweet, but sorrowful; Caroline, Latin, noble-spirited; Dorothy, Celtic, fruitful; Edith and Edna, Saxon, happiness; Frances, German, free; Grace, Latin, favor; Helen, Greek, a very beautiful woman; Ida, Greek, a lofty mountain; Josephine, French, a savor of life; Lucy, Latin, shining; Louisa, French, defender of ous; Margaret, German, a pearl; Madeline, French, favored; Marie and Maria (from French and Spanish), and Mary, from Hebrew, a salt tear or a drop of water.

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Nine-tenths of the women of the world are afflicted with some of the complaints famil-iarly known as "Female Diseases," or "Womb Troubles." There is scarcely a family but has an idolized daughter, a cherished sister, or a de rly loved mother who suffer agonies that are endured in silence to protect her modesty. Proper treatment is postponed from month to month by dread of a physicians' humi lating examination, or surgeon's knife. Most of these dangerous diserves can be successfully treated at home, but there is wide spread ig norance among even the most intelligent classes of women regarding their natural functions and organs of generation, owing to so little information having been published in regard to this subject and a modesty that ricks from investigation such a disagreea ble matter. The Wine of Cardui treatment of fema e diseas s cures thousands of cases of this kind o troubles every year. It can be used successfully in the privacy of the home

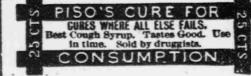
and is cheap and effective. Ask your druggist for McElree's Wine of Carduis It Never Fails. Tyner's Dy-pepsia Remedy has been on the market for several years, and the universal verdict is that it never fails to accomplish its work. It is a mild and efficient remedy for all atomach and bowel diseases. Its use does not interfere with bus ness or pleasure, but adds to both. Nearly all diseases are caused by in-digestion. Stop it and your health will be perfect. A few doses of Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will do it. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

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Bobby's Disappointment.

Mrs. Yabsley was entertaining some adies at a select little 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been exceptionally well-behaved, was in high feather. "Ma," he said, as cake was being handed round, "may I have some

tongue, please?" "There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby.
"I heard pa say there would be lots of it."-Tit-Bits.

An Eye to Business. He-What did the doctor say was

the matter with you? She-Said I was run down. "What did he recommend?"

"Bicycle riding." "I see; that will make business for him, because you'll run other people down."-Yonkers Statesman.



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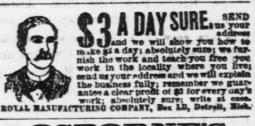
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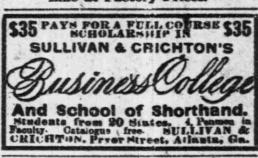
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